

## Saint Isaac Jogues: God's Glorifier

J. J. McGRATH, S.J.

*Sermon preached at Auriesville, N. Y., at the celebration of the 300th anniversary of the arrival of Saint Isaac Jogues in America.*

**I**N the year 1636 a sullen silence of foreboding hung over the colony of Virginia, for at any minute the native Indians might sweep down and destroy the white men who had apparently come to this continent to despoil and steal, to rob and cheat the inhabitants of everything of value which they possessed.

In the year 1636 Roger Williams emerged from the woods to seek shelter and protection from the Indians, for his own white brothers had banished him from among them for his religious beliefs. In that same year Mrs. Anne Hutchinson was driven from the colony of Massachusetts for daring to depart from the prevailing religious tenets. Among those who condemned her were the men who had agreed that bullets be the means of barter and who witnessed the Governor of the colony tear the cross from the flag of England because it savored of Catholicity.

Sad spectacles these for the redmen. From such beginnings no good could result. And yet collectively and individually these people came here for liberty and freedom either political or religious. With the politically minded we have no argument, but with the people who came here for religious liberty we have a case to discuss. "They appealed," says Parkman, "to Liberty and then closed the door against her." But in this same year, on July 2, 1636, a flotilla of ships arrived near Quebec bearing two men who sought neither personal aggrandizement nor the right to dictate to the conscience of anybody.

The first of these was Montmagny, the humane governor who was to guide the political destinies of the colony for some years. With him we are not concerned. But the second, Isaac Jogues, is the man with whom we are now

concerned. He came from the nation so often accused of Nationalism, but his Nationalism was purely Christian. Christ his King ruled his heart and soul from the throne of the Cross. Christ his King ruled his life in the regal robes of his own blood. Had he a motto for his life it was, "For me to live is Christ and to die is gain." . . . His first act on reaching the shores of America was to mount the hill of Calvary in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. His second, to write to his good mother, or as he called her in the quaint language of that day, "His honored mother." It was the feast of the Visitation of our Blessed Lady and he remarks what a joy it was to him to make his first visitation in the land in which he wished more than all else that Christ be glorified in his body whether it be by life or by death, for for him to live was Christ and to die was gain.

This man was an educator. He knew that his assigned task was to bring to fruition in the lives of the brown-skinned inhabitants the Christian principles of educating the moral, mental and physical qualities of these men. As a result of his labors there was no such disgrace as the Salem witchcraft or the destruction of the white settlement of Virginia by the Indians despoiled of their birthright.

In contrast with Saint John Brebeuf he stands out in a most peculiar fashion. Brebeuf was the religious superior, Jogues the obedient religious subject. Each had his task and each fulfilled it in an eminent manner. Brebeuf rises above his fellow missionaries like a tall, staunch cliff, unharmed by the storms that beat against him, unchanged by the winds of adversity, but Jogues resembles more the level plain sheltered by the cliff. The rains that fell from the cliffside he took and used to every advantage. The winds, whether of adversity or kindness, served only to aid him in glorifying Christ. To him life was always Christ. We shall never know until the crack of doom how great the adversities were that came his way. To mention only a few, the difficulty of trying to teach the mysteries of faith in a language in which it was impossible to say "Our Father who art in heaven," without resorting to some such circumlocution as, "You who in heaven have us as children here on earth." The difficulty of the poorly cooked and never seasoned food in a strenuous life where every ounce of strength had to be garnered. The difficulty of the long journeys, the heavy burdens to be

borne, the rapids to be crossed, the rivers to be forded, the woods to be traversed, but in all these trials, we find Jogues glorifying Christ in his own body. On his very first journey, made a few days after his arrival in Quebec, he is at once the explorer, the topographer, the geographer, the student of the manners and customs of the people, the bearer of the heaviest burdens, the nurse of the sick, the comfort of the ailing. In this way he glorified Christ in his own body, trying to bring to the minds of his newly acquired children the knowledge of the Babe of Bethlehem, the Man of Sorrows, the Friend of the downtrodden, the heavily burdened and the oppressed. Never once do we find him trying to take anything from the natives, but always he strives to give of himself, his mind, his soul, his body. . . .

Nor was he content with sending back to the homeland what he was learning of the country and its people, nor was he satisfied with mere instruction fitfully handed out to his neophytes, but ever and constantly he strove to teach them that Christ should be glorified in their bodies whether it be by life or by death. In his first assigned mission he taught them to plant wheat for the "Bread of the strong" and grapes for the "Wine that maketh virgins." Unable to offer the adorable Sacrifice on the journeys and expeditions, he yearned with all his great soul for the days that brought him near the House of God.

It were false to labor under the impression that Jogues was merely a plodder. For steadfastness and the ability to see a proposed project through to its consummation is not plodding. His foresight in building Fort Saint Marie, the maps he drew, the watercourses he outlined, the plans he made for future years, surely these are not the work of a plodder. But through the tremendous amount of work he accomplished there runs the golden thread of his continual quest for peace. Well he knew that "All art is done in calm" and his artistic masterpiece stands as a record of deeds well done against the background of peace. The storm clouds that hurled themselves against the rock that was Brebeuf lost their fury and became gentle zephyrs in the soul of Jogues. He took the sunshine of prosperity and the winds and rains of adversity in the calm placid state of the seeker after peace. For six long years he labored among the Hurons as their Missionary. Over their heads there

hung always the Damoclean sword of the inroads of their traditional enemy, the Iroquois. The blow fell early in August, 1642.

They had reached Three Rivers on their return journey from headquarters where mail had been secured and provisions purchased. Suddenly the air was alive with the fearful war cry of the Mohawks. Many a Christian fell before the arrows of the savages. Jogues might have escaped but Christ would never be glorified in the body of a traitor. They, Jogues, Couture and Goupil were brought to Lake Champlain, and in a southerly and westerly direction to Auriesville, then Ossernenon. As the principal prisoner, Saint Isaac brought up the rear of the procession. Near the top of the hill after having run the gauntlet in the position where he received the cruelest of the blows, his poor bruised and tortured body felt the awful jolt of being struck in the back with a disused cannon ball which the Mohawks had secured from the Dutch. As his poor weakened and bleeding body tottered and fell to the ground his watchful eye saw the declining rays of the sun descending to the horizon beyond the Hill which he had climbed and to his mind, ever fixed on the Master of his soul, there came the sight of another hill and a Man dying there for him. Truly now was Christ, the agonizing Christ, glorified in his body. Surely now for him to live was Christ, life was Christ. His life was very like the life of Christ.

During the excruciating tortures which Saint Isaac endured, while his Indian converts were being burned at the stake, another incident of Christ's humiliating Passion was repeated. For here was Christ glorified in his body when in spirit he lived through the scourging at the pillar. But to him, a deep and sincere lover of peace, a far greater blow fell. A captive Christian woman was forced to hack off his thumb with a clam shell. And when this member fell to the ground, although it meant as far as it was humanly possible to judge, he would never again offer up the Sacrifice of Calvary, still in that steadfast manner of glorifying Christ in his body whether it be by life or by death, he immediately offered up the severed thumb to his God.

Thus was inaugurated the thirteen months of slavery during which he used every possible means to bring to the minds of his warlike captors the peace that reigned in Beth-

lehem. His sweet, gentle, lovable, forgiving manner won for him the affection and respect of many among the Mohawks. But to the warlike, peace is ever a thing to be avoided. Why was he not angered at their jeers, their threats? Why did he always write the name of his God on the trees? Why did he seem to relish the blows they meted out to him? They could not understand that for him to live was Christ and to die was gain. They could not comprehend that in the things he taught them, in the prayers he said for them, in the sufferings he endured at their hands he was seeing to it that Christ be glorified in his body.

The loneliness of those months after he witnessed the death of his friend and companion, Saint Rene Goupil, is a story heartrending in itself. And like the great man that he is, he was human enough to have a friend and man enough to love him. He tells us in language that moves the stoutest heart of his search for the body of that Martyr and of the sighs and groans he voiced at his loss.

At length, persuaded by the kindly Dutch at Albany to consider that if he were put to death now it would not be as a Christian Martyr but merely as a despised man whose wounded and unsightly body was a constant reproach to his captors, he gave himself up to prayer to learn whether or not Christ would be glorified in his body were he to escape from his slavery and seek in France the cure of his broken and shattered body. But another comfort, of far greater import to him was to be allowed once more to ascend Calvary as a priest at Holy Mass. And as the prayer of Christ in Gethsemane was answered by the visit of an angel, so now to Jogues came the inspiration to accept the offer of the Dutch and to leave the shores of this land of his adoption.

On Christmas morning, 1643, he was flung on the shores of the land of his birth. No one greeted him. But he made his way to a country church and there nearly killed the curé with the tale of his adventures. Did he know Isaac Jogues, he was asked by the men who failed to recognize their former companion, so much was he changed in his glorifying of Christ in his body. Yes, he knew the man of whom they asked but not as they knew him. He knew the man whose blood had flowed copiously at Ossernenon; he knew the man who had borne the winter's frosts and snows in a smoky cabin within the sound of my voice; he knew the Isaac

Jogues who had carved on the trees of this holy place the name of the God-man which he bore, in suffering, in his heart.

The story of his sufferings was the topic of conversation in all France. Even Anne of Austria, the Queen Regent, sought his presence at the Court and on bended knee kissed his mutilated hands. But it was not for this that Isaac Jogues had betaken himself to France. His hands had been kissed by his honored mother while the oils of the ordaining bishop were still upon them. There was no opportunity of glorifying Christ in such a command performance unless it be to reproduce in his life the scene enacted when Christ appeared before Herod and was besought to perform some act of the magical art. Perhaps through the opened casement of the palace he caught a fleeting glimpse of the green gardens and his heart yearned for the Hill of Ossernenon in all its primitive beauty. Did he hear in the subdued music of the dance the barbaric sound of the shells as they proclaimed his arrival in village after village to be tortured for Christ? Small honor for the hands, which had secured water from an overhanging leaf to baptize a dying Huron, to be kissed by an earthly queen. Yes, very insignificant honor this for the hands that held the body of the first canonized Martyr of North America, a trifling honor for the hands that had hollowed out the shallow grave in which to place the dog-gnawed bone of that Martyr. Perhaps the studied greeting accorded a queen came with difficulty to the lips that proclaimed over the still warm tomahawked remains of Rene Goupil, long before Holy Church had proclaimed his sanctity, "O Martyr of Jesus Christ, O Martyr of Jesus Christ." Indeed small honor to his priestly hands which had held day after day the Body and Blood, the Soul and Divinity of the King of kings. It was not that those hands might be kissed by an earthly queen, that he was in France, no, but that if it were possible those hands might once more lift aloft over hungering souls the Food of Angels. A petition had gone to the Sovereign Pontiff, Urban VIII, that Isaac Jogues might offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass with those mutilated hands. And that Pontiff who has given many a command concerning the too hurried proclamation of sanctity himself anticipated by nearly three hundred years the decree of Canonization of Isaac Jogues when

he declared, "It were unworthy that a Martyr for Christ should not drink the Blood of Christ."

Hardly was the permission to offer up daily the Adorable Sacrifice granted, when Jogues sought and obtained permission to return to the land of his love. His return was timely, for shortly after his arrival the French and Iroquois, tired and sick of war, met at Three Rivers and deliberated for peace. After the council, so that he might bring once more the "glad tidings" to Ossernenon and establish the peace of which he had so often spoken while he was enslaved there, Saint Isaac gladly consented to be the Ambassador of the French. So eloquently did he plead the cause of the children of his adoption that they bade him welcome among them, saying, "You shall always have among us a mat to rest on and a fire to warm you."

Back among his French companions he desired with a great longing to return to those who had given this pledge. In his heart of hearts while he prayed for them, he could say as does Saint Paul in the Epistle of the Martyrs' Mass, "Behold, now the third time I am ready to come to you; and I will not be burdensome to you. For I seek not the things that are yours, but you."

But the enemies of Jogues and his religious practises, the medicine men, had stirred up hatred against him. Whatever evil befell the village and its inhabitants was attributed to him and to the box of articles of devotion which he had left among them. He was treated cruelly upon his arrival, but the Wolf Clan, true to their promise, pleaded for his life. But the Bear Family, ever his enemies, vowed his death, and by treachery and deceit they brought it about. Like his Divine Master he was betrayed by a gesture of friendship. Invited to a banquet he was martyred as soon as he put his foot inside the cabin where the feast was to be held.

For Isaac Jogues to live had been Christ and now he tasted the gain of death. His body had glorified his Saviour by imitation, by being subjected to insults, jeers and indignities, by perfidy and now by the supreme sacrifice. . . . The mangled hands of Saint Isaac, those hands kissed by Anne of Austria, those hands that cleared many a path through the tractless forests, those hands that lifted up the sick and the dying, that poured the saving waters of Bap-



tism over many a fevered brow, those hands carved here on the trees of this place the Holy Name of Jesus. May those same hands today carve in the innermost recesses of our hearts that same sacred Name so that in whatever mold our lives be cast every thought of ours, every word, every deed may be colored with one thought, for us to live is Christ and to die is gain.

The mangled hands of Isaac Jogues, the hands that yearned to hold aloft on this hill the adorable Body and Blood of Christ were denied that great privilege. For well he knew that immorality and greed, selfishness and deceit, rapine and treachery would cease when once the Sacrifice of Calvary was repeated here. May those same mangled hands point out to us today a lesson for all our days, namely, that our paths must all lead to the altar, that our greatest aid in overcoming the temptations of the world is to be found in that same adorable Sacrifice.

Jogues was educator not only for his day and age, but also for ours. Jogues was a pathfinder, but not only for his fellow Frenchmen who sought to bring Christ to the aborigines, but more so for us. His mangled hands that guided the little brown hands of the Indian children through the intricacies of an alphabet were destined to teach you and me to form the Name of Christ into the texture of all our lives. Yes, they were ordained by God to point out the path of Salvation to his own age and every succeeding age. Jogues the man of peace and the lover of peace and the promoter of peace was appointed to show to you and to me the way to find, to know and to hold the peace of Christ. Ours it is to profit by his instruction, his teaching, his life and, yes, his death. Ours it is to determine whether or not the glorifying of Christ by the life and death of Isaac Jogues was, as far as the rest of the world is concerned, in vain. Vain it must be if our admiration is aroused and goes no farther, vain it has to be if we are satisfied by merely hearing or reciting his deeds, vain it most certainly shall be unless we profit by his example to such an extent that walking in his footsteps, following in his wake and imitating his example we too live so that for us to live is Christ and to die is gain. . . .



# Blessed Martin: Patron of Social and Interracial Justice

JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.

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THE mystery of the Church, says a great spiritual writer of our time, Father Humbert de Clérissac, O.P., is a key to the mystery of Christianity. But the mystery of the Church carries within itself another mystery, a mystery indicated by the words of Saint Paul which I have just quoted. At its very foundation, the Church was made up of two elements: the Jew and the pagan, or the "Greek" as he is called by Saint Paul. No mere accident brought about the union of these two elements in the spiritual society founded by Jesus Christ, but a Divine plan which embraced in its vast scope the chosen people of Israel and the illimitable Gentile world. What this plan would have developed into: what the Church would have been in the past and what the world would be today if the Jewish element had found its predestined place in the Church, none of us can even remotely conjecture. It would be a vision of such grandeur and harmony as we can scarcely conceive this side of Heaven. Indeed we are not so far wrong in conjecturing, in the words of Saint Paul (Rom. xi, 15) that it would be the very signal for the general Resurrection.

Though the Church of Christ is today made up of but one of its constituent elements—and suffers an everlasting tension on that account—there is, according to some great spiritual writers, remaining in the life of its members, Gentile though with the rarest of exceptions they be, always a faithful reminder of the twofold origin of the Christian people. In each of us there is something of the pagan who was converted to Christianity, something of the Jew. There is a perpetual struggle of Jew and pagan in our hearts, a

combat of the Law or the Pharisee with the unredeemed Gentile.

Corresponding to these two elements, there stood at the cradle of the Christian Church two opposing forces. They were bitter enemies to one another, and sworn foes of Christianity. Pilate and Caiphas were their representatives. Together they were instruments of the great Sacrifice which wrought our Redemption. We may call them the Pagan and the Pharisee.

The Pharisee represented that element in Judaism—not its soul, not its true nature, but its spiritual and political perversion—which rejected Christ, Israel's hope and salvation.

The Pagan represented that sum of turbulent, conflicting beliefs; from gross animism to the most rarefied spirituality which flung its claws upon the new born Faith like a tiger, yet in the end was conquered by the Divine Lamb.

The Pagan rejected the Redeemer because he rejected God and the supernatural destiny of man. The Pharisee rejected the Redeemer because his zeal was for the flesh and the pride of intellect. The Pharisee turned the zeal of the Lord against the Lord Himself.

The God-Man was rejected by the Pagans because they could not tolerate a Divinity who was not made in a human image. He was condemned and scorned by the Pharisees because they could not tolerate a Divinity who was also a Man.

The whole history of Christianity is a tale of these two contending elements; not in the sense of the historic Pharisee contending against the historic Pagan, but in the sense that within the body of the Church we find in every age a tension between the Pagan and the Pharisee. The spirits which these two opposing forces represent forever mark the deviations from the spirit of Christianity. They were the extremes between which lies Christ's mean. They are the two poles, frozen, sterile and uninhabitable, to which the human spirit is banished once it rejects the harmony of the nature of God and the nature of man united in the one Person of the Mediator of God and Man, Jesus Christ.

To a certain extent these spirits contend in the heart of every Christian, particularly those who strive for perfection; and only the Saints bring them into perfect harmony.

The life of a saintly man like Martin de Porres, the centennial of whose beatification we celebrate today, is a challenge to the trend of the pagan in the human heart. Paganism worships pleasure, power, wealth. These ancient idols are no longer personified under the form of Olympian gods, but their power of seduction still remains. To a world like ours of today, which glories in its paganism, the life of Martin de Porres is an appalling contradiction.

At an age when most young men are planning to get on in the world, and find means to seize new enjoyments or to acquire earthly goods, we find Martin stealing away from the physician's office where he was employed as apprentice, after long hours of labor in the garden where he prepared herbs, or the sick room where he helped care for the afflicted, to kneel before the Holy Eucharist in the Church of the Holy Rosary in Lima, and ask of the Divine Saviour which might be his vocation in life.

The Divine inspiration impelled him onward to embrace the religious life. Armed with the Vow of Chastity, and the practise of a penitential Rule, he renounced the joys of family life, the satisfactions, even legitimate, of the flesh, and covered his shoulders with the Vesture of the Son of Man. The Vesture he wore was dyed deep with the Blood of the Redemption, the Vesture of sorrow and mortification, the share in the Passion of the Saviour, the odor and the burden of the Cross.

Paganism glorifies wilful freedom; but we find Martin bound by the Vow of Obedience to his religious Superiors. Paganism glorifies wealth, and Martin has renounced all wealth. He is a poor man, garbed in Christ's poverty. The humblest beggar has more than has Martin of the world's goods, for the beggar may, at least, possess something that he may call his own.

In this challenge to paganism Martin followed the path familiar to all the Saints. He used the weapons of all Christ's chosen followers; from the Apostles and proto-martyrs down to the recent days of Brother Conrad of Parzham and the Little Flower. Paganism, in all its changing forms—sensualism, superstition, naturalism, proletarianism—is still a known and recognized foe.

But the Pharisee wages a more subtle and perplexing warfare. It is subtle, because so easily misunderstood for

sweetness and light. It is perplexing, because it operates in the name of the highest Good, and those who oppose it are at their wits' end lest they destroy man's chances for salvation by undue stress upon the things of time and matter.

The Pharisee asks: Why should religion consider the temporal, if man is made for the eternal? If all wisdom is in the Koran, why have libraries of books? If Allah rules the world, why care about human conduct? If man's supreme concern is with his duties to his Creator, why should man concern himself about his rights? Why should such matters as justice, the natural distribution of earthly goods, or an equitable and charitable social order, be any concern of religion? Religion has but one task, which is to pull man as best it may through this fleeting vale of tears, and land him safely in eternity.

To the query or challenge of the Pharisee a wrong answer and a right answer may be given. The wrong answer is that of the Pagan. If the Pagan is rich, he assents with a sneer and inwardly patronizes and despises religion in his heart. If the Pagan is poor, and consumed with bitterness and envy, his answer to the Pharisee's challenge is the fire of social revolt. His hand is raised against God, against the ministers of God, against his fellowman; and Christ's poor turn against the Saviour who embraced poverty on their behalf. As poignantly says Eileen Duggan (*America*, September 18, 1937):

And what could be more likely or more meet  
To edge a woe or whet a tragedy  
Than this last treason, like the line of fire  
That points the blackness of a thunderhead . . .  
Who fronts You now with mocks and jibes and jeers?  
The money changers? Nay! Not Roman and not Jew  
Ah—close your eyes! It is the poor, the poor!

Paganism's carrion triumph is the alienation of the poor man from God; the apostasy of the worker from Christ. The right answer is the answer of the Saints, exemplified in the life of Martin de Porres with an example that is marvelously, providentially adapted to the problems of our times. Martin offered the answer because his life was so essentially Christlike. Martin, it is perfectly true, lived only for eternity, for the salvation of his own soul and that of

others. He lived not for an eternity banished from time by a false concept of futurity, but for an eternity which was present even in time. And so he transformed the life in time and made it a new life. In the noble and only genuine sense of the word, he was a true reformer; one who seeks, not from pride and creative vanity, but from his obedience to the holy Will of God, to fashion again the conditions of human existence in the little world that he inhabits through the power of the Blessed Trinity dwelling in his soul through Divine Grace.

The Spanish colonial world in which Martin lived was a world of strange contradictions. The harshest brutality marched side by side with the most glowing idealism. The twelfth Viceroy of Peru, the enlightened Marquis of Montesclaros, compared Spain's colonial empire to the statue that the Prophet Daniel saw in a dream, as a symbol of the tyrant Nabuchodonosor: "Like Nabuchodonosor, the Spanish domination in America had a face of gold, a body of silver, legs of bronze and feet of clay. . . ."

In the work of Martin de Porres among the afflicted and suffering in Peru it was his superabundant love of God that succeeded in uniting into one creation the face of gold and body of silver, the legs of bronze and the feet of human clay. This man who punished his own body, slept with his boots on and tortured his frail flesh, healed the bodies of the sick and built for them modern, up-to-date hospitals. Rejecting all earthly goods, he sought and obtained alms, which were distributed in systematic fashion. It is said of Martin that he fed and clothed some 160 persons daily and distributed every week \$2,000 in charity.

Today the natural law governing the use of Matrimony is violated on the plea of economic distress. But Martin found a remedy for this hideous temptation (that took effect in those days in another way) by a marvelously simple device; that of providing young married couples with a bride's dowry sufficient to start them comfortably toward the foundation of a home. And it was the face of gold that had to pay for the feet of clay. Martin made the social community feel its responsibility for each new home that was to be founded. He made the wealthy provide endowment for the poor.

I believe that in our own times a vast amount of tempta-

tion to misuse of matrimony, not to speak of divorce and other evils among the poor would be obviated if the suggestion were carried out that was offered this summer by the Abbé Garant of Quebec at the Social Week of French Canada, and our wealthier families were each to adopt a poor family, doing this in the spirit of Blessed Martin de Porres.

Today our Government struggles with the problem of settling the needy upon the land. But Martin grasped this social bull by the horns, like a matador of God. When he found the boys of Peru stealing fruit and getting flogged or imprisoned for it, he bought tracts of land where fruit would grow, and taught the young people to plow and cultivate the ground, and settled families where they might benefit by the bounty of the Creator.

Spaniard and Indian alike despised manual labor; the Spaniard for all Spaniards, the Indian for male kind. Bitterly did the proud Indian resent the *corvée*, the *mita* of labor that was laid upon his unwilling back. But Martin had no such illusion. He knew that labor was blest by God, and he taught his people to work and toil in joyful moderation.

Voluntarily, in the name of his eternal destiny, as an oblation upon the altar of God's Will, did the humble lay Brother accept the renunciation of a learned career, in a civilization that glorified the worthy Master and the Doctor of Theology. This career would have been his, with his brilliant gifts and unflagging industry. Yet he was both an educator and the organizer of educators. His College of the Holy Cross, that is said to have cost \$200,000 on its erection, stands today, after educating thousands and thousands of the poor children of Peru. Martin provided in those remote days the modern benefits of salaried professors, a resident chaplain, and a resident salaried physician to look after the children's health.

Martin had renounced the priesthood, yet by Mass stipends he supported the hundreds of needy missionaries who had flocked to the Indies, unable to find sustenance in the time of depression and poverty that succeeded the first flush of gold. Young and active, he cared for the aged, giving them cheerful, peaceful lodging, and taking care of the burial and having Masses said for them after their death.

It seems as if there were no possible problem in the social order that he did not envisage that could have been found in a non-industrial, agrarian civilization. And all this he conceived, accomplished, and left as a permanent memorial to his name from one sole motive, the love of God and the love of his neighbor in the name of God. It was the perfect answer to the Pagan, who rejects God, and the Pharisee, who rejects the neighbor. In Saint Paul's words, in Christ were all things made one.

Such, in short, was the attitude of this Negro 300 years ago to the social group in which he lived. It was one of indiscriminate love for all men regardless of race or condition. The records explicitly relate of Martin's loving charity towards his own race, towards the poor Negroes of Lima, as well as to the white man and the Indian. They were all men and brothers to him, as they were to his parallel figure in nearby Colombia, Saint Peter Claver, as they were to the great Archbishop of Lima, Saint Alphonsus Toribio.

What is the attitude of the world today towards Martin's own racial group or other racial groups and minorities weak in the world's advantages? It may be briefly characterized by the same symbolic terms: that of the Pagan and the Pharisee. The Pagan, who exploits selfishly the weaker races for his own financial or political advantage; the Pharisee, who excuses such exploitation, who refuses to lift a finger to put an end to such conditions, or even to lift his voice in protest against it, on the plea that such matters are matters only of time, and do not concern the question of eternity.

Blessed Martin's life is the living refutation of such an attitude. The pagan concept of social justice as arising from an earth-bound concept of man's life, of society as the sole end of man and the claiming of all man's loyalty, is utterly rejected by his Heaven-inspired, Christ-centered life. In that respect, as in all others, he was the loyal follower of the Mother of God, whose voice magnified the Lord. . . .

But his life is also the refutation of the Pharisee. It is a living proof that the love of God cannot be indifferent to the temporal needs of our neighbor. Martin de Porres takes his rank as a follower of great social saints, those who have given an exemplary demonstration that man's use of creatures to fulfil his obligations to God involve his rights to



those creatures, that must be respected if we expect to save his soul.

We venerate Martin, in other words, as a Patron of social and interracial justice, as one who himself exemplified the virtues that the world owes to the weaker social racial groups. We believe that this example will grow more potent from day to day. We believe that the shining torch of this youthful life will dispel the clouds that hung so long over the relations of the races and the social classes in this country. In short, we respect Martin, as the man, and we pray to Martin, the intercessor, on behalf of social and racial peace in a world torn by envy, class hatred and dissension.

Blessed Martin de Porres, exemplar and patron of social and racial peace, pray for us to our Saviour and to His Holy Mother, that we may walk in Christ's love and His Commandments, and become His worthy followers in time and in eternity. Amen.

## The Catholic Anthropological Conference

L. H. TIBESAR, M.M.

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**M**ANY a story would be better untold. Some of our readers may class the present one with them. The writer feels that justice compels the telling of it, regardless. Certainly he cannot be accused of undue haste, for it is just twelve years old at the present writing—the story of a little society called “The Catholic Anthropological Conference.”

In the early summer of 1925, the late co-founder of Maryknoll, the Very Rev. James Anthony Walsh, and his faculty, were in session at the seminary in New York. They were planning the curriculum for the following year. Authorities in Rome had suggested to our Father General that he pay special heed to the scientific training of his missionaries. In line with that suggestion, which found fullest re-

sponse in his own heart, Father Walsh discussed with us the feasibility of introducing Anthropology or Ethnology in the Philosophy course of studies. The writer had been teaching Apologetics for a term of years previously and found Ethnology a very useful handmaiden to his own field of Apologetics. He was gratified in being chosen to prepare a course for the following term.

What, in anticipation, seemed easy, he later found bristled with difficulty. Seeking the counsel of Doctor John M. Cooper at the Catholic University, his fears were fully justified. The field was one practically virgin to any native Catholic effort. Europe had its Catholic scientists working in that field, but, in spite of our own far-flung missionary effort among aborigines on this continent, anything of scientific value from the pen of American Catholic scientists was a desideratum. Ultimately, source material was collected and some kind of a course arranged. Meanwhile, at Doctor Cooper's suggestion, the writer joined him in membership in the American Anthropological Society. Together we attended its meetings at Yale University during the Christmas vacation.

At that time many anthropological expeditions were being arranged by our university professors to out-of-the-way places. It seemed to us the fruits of such expeditions far outweighed the linguistic attainments of the men engaged in them. At times too, because of the cost, such expeditions covered only a period of a few weeks. Certainly that was too short a time to allot to a comprehensive study of manners, customs, religious beliefs, ceremonies of worship and history of any people. Many of these expeditions were made to peoples among whom our own Catholic missionaries were laboring. In some instances it was the Catholic Fathers who supplied investigators with factual data.

The writer had mulled the problem in his own mind and had decided upon a rather bold—not to say rash—solution of it. Between sessions of the Yale meetings Doctor Cooper and he took their meals at a little basement dining-room just off the campus. The country was in the throes of Prohibition. Yet the liquid refreshment served with those German meals seemed to have a reminiscent tank. Still one could not be certain. So again and again we took our meals there. As we lunched and dined we talked of the matter in hand.

Whether the liquid we drank was authentic or not we never learned definitely. We did then ask Doctor Cooper to put his head on the block for Catholic American Mission anthropological and ethnological science. He agreed and for twelve years he has, all but alone, suffered the consequences of his generous acceptance.

When we left Yale's campus our plans were matured and the following Easter Tuesday of 1926, our Catholic Anthropological Conference took form in the old Recreation Room of Caldwell Hall. The late scholarly Bishop Shahan, Rector of the University, and some fifty guests, mostly priest-students at the University, were on hand. If Bishop Shahan had any misgivings as to the new venture they were not communicated to ourselves.

The purpose of the conference was twofold. We wished to stimulate in our Catholic students an interest in a scientific study ancillary to missionary effort itself and so gradually to build up a corps of Catholic scholars in a field we had all but neglected. Our second purpose was to publish findings and factual data of our missionaries and secure for Catholic scholarship credit for solid scientific attainment which until then was either ignored or diverted elsewhere, to those who peddled it. A third purpose, unexpressed at the time, was to save for future Catholic mission effort the intimate acquaintance of our pioneer missionaries with the people among whom their lot was cast for so long. Most of this information had been previously either lost entirely or employed only imperfectly and in limited fashion.

If diffidence of one's own powers be a virtue, we of the Catholic Anthropological Conference claim it. During these past twelve years we have sedulously avoided making any claims for ourselves. We have been content to watch the original idea develop slowly though solidly. Naturally we are gratified as we look back over our first decade to realize that something has been accomplished of our cherished purpose. For one thing, thanks to Doctor Cooper, we have been true to our first purpose. Our publication, *Primitive Man*, has been kept alive. It has presented a steady stream of worthwhile articles of scientific merit. It has won a modest place as a representative of Catholic scholarship in a highly active field. Youthful aspirants to scientific honors have been encouraged by it. Scientific articles by older, more

experienced missionaries have found place in its pages. Possibly it is not too much to say that through its blushing instrumentality it has gradually won its way to making our Catholic educators mission-science conscious if not mission-science minded.

Our hopes, of course, are much greater. Both Doctor Cooper and others of us have long since regarded with envy our own *National Geographic* and other magazines of that caliber. Is it too much to hope that some day Catholic Missions might have a scientific publication of equal worth and of equally beautiful format? The material is there, the information is present. One wonders—is the will to do it equally effective where Catholic mission-scientific effort is concerned? Can adequate interest and financial support be secured for the purpose?

## Hatred and Bigotry

CHARLES P. WINDLE

*Address delivered by the non-Catholic editor of Truth and Light at a meeting held under the auspices of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul, Pittsburgh, Pa., November 19, 1937.*

THE average non-Catholic is not prejudiced against the Catholic Church because he is naturally mean and narrow, nor because he wants to be a bigot, but because he believes things that make prejudice inevitable. The Church he hates and fears is not the Catholic Church that you know, but a distorted creature of the imagination created by misinformation and vicious propaganda. The prejudices against Catholics is due to erroneous conceptions concerning Catholic history, doctrines, principles, aims and practises.

We live in an age of confusion. The most confusing thing in the world today is the peculiar philosophy and religion of Judge Rutherford. Whatever we may think of Rutherford as a man, and of his unsound and demoralizing philosophy, we must admit that he has built up an organization which manufactures and distributes his propaganda on a scale befitting the machine age in which we live. His organization is a world-wide group of sales agents, who are

also trained missionaries who spout the Rutherford propaganda almost as well as the Judge himself.

Saying that there are 30,000 Witnesses of Jehovah in this country spending part of their time making house canvasses to sell "Judge" Rutherford's literature; that almost 5,000 Pioneers put in full time at the same work; that until recently Rutherford broadcasted regularly over between 75 and 150 radio stations through electrical transcriptions; that scores of sound trucks traverse the country; that portable phonographs are used to play Rutherford records in homes or to gatherings in halls; that 150,000,000 copies of Rutherford's books, pamphlets and magazines are in circulation in the United States, Mr. Windle added:

When we consider that this great volume of literature is only one of many sources of anti-Catholic propaganda, we realize the great possibilities for evil. Even a bad idea can be sold to many people with that kind of publicity. With that amount of advertising you could sell fur coats in the tropics or electric refrigerators to the Eskimos. "Judge" Rutherford misuses, abuses and misinterprets the Scriptures, violating every rule of Biblical interpretation, to fit his preconceived ideas. His propaganda is so confusing that Christians who abandon their own churches for Rutherfordism will find they have given up something substantial for a religion of Utter Confusion. Bewildered and dazed, they are apt to abandon all religion and sing: Let's call the whole thing off. Some people feel that the "Judge's" contentions are so ridiculous that no one will pay attention to them. Many millions of people are paying attention to him or he could not dispose of literature in such tremendous volume.

Since anti-Catholic hostility rests upon falsehood and deception, the cure lies in reaching people with the truth, through a medium acceptable to them. . . . I know from experience that the average non-Catholic can be convinced that he can best defend his own rights by defending the rights of others. The right of Protestants to religious freedom rests upon the same principle that guarantees the rights of Catholics. If the rights and liberties of any group of our citizens can be abridged, or individuals penalized on account of faith, then the rights of all of us no longer rest upon the solid rock of principle but upon the shifting, fickle sands of popular prejudice and passion.